

THE R.C.M. MAGAZINE



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THE R.C.M. MAGAZINE

*A Journal for PAST &
PRESENT STUDENTS and
FRIENDS of THE ROYAL COLLEGE
OF MUSIC, and Official Organ
of THE R.C.M. UNION..*

'The Letter killeth, but the Spirit giveth Life.'

Editorial

*"O Golden Sun, whose ray
My path illumineth ;
Light of the circling day,
Whose night is birth and death :*

*Awaken, cheer, adorn,
Invite, inspire, assure
The joys that praise thy morn,
The toil thy noons mature."*

ROBERT BRIDGES

Volume 9 makes its bow to the College with the New Year, and begs to be allowed to assist in making the year 1913 a happy one to all Collegians. The last page of Volume 8 which lies open before us as we write shows what a number of activities we had to record in 1912. 'College Concerts,' 'the College Opera,' 'the Patron's Fund Concert,' 'the Term's Awards' are entries in the Index which tell of big forces at work within the College itself ; the records of the R.C.M. Union make a link between the inner and the outer life of the College, like the band which joins the driving wheel to the fly-wheel of some great machine, and about fourteen closely printed pages tell of the strifes and conquests of members of the College in the world at large. Nor does the record end there. The Index shows members of the College engaged in other pursuits than musical ones. Literary essays and poetry have occupied some, and there is an account of a famous contest, soon we hope to be repeated, which took place last spring in the football match between the College and the Academy. It all helps to show that the College is 'going strong' ; in 1913 may it 'go stronger.'

There is, however, a sad side to the witness of the Index. Volume 8 contained notice of several deaths and particularly the loss of one distinguished composer—Coleridge-Taylor. The new volume, alas, must begin by extending the list of our losses considerably. Two professors, Mr Blower and Mr Richard Temple, and one good friend of us all, Mr Hayles, are now to be added to those whose deaths we deplore and the pages of this number tell how sincerely we do so. But to dwell on these things overmuch is depressing rather than stimulating. We must look up not down and forward rather than backward. Here are records of many encouraging achievements and brave ventures, and so we will offer Volume 9, No. 1 fearlessly to our readers with the wish : 'A happy new volume to you and may you help to make it so.'

Director's Address

(SEPTEMBER 26, 1912)

*"Farewell, Farewell!—But he who can so fare,
And stumbleth not on mischief anywhere,
Blessed on earth is he!"—EURIPIDES (G. MURRAY).*

It is no use pretending we can meet together this time in our usual boisterous spirits ; for the College is at the moment in the shadows. We must "absent ourselves from felicity awhile" and put a curb on our merriment, when we think, as we must, of the great loss the College has just sustained, of the noble and devoted life that has just come to an end and of the love and admiration so many of us feel for the dear Professor whose spell of activity is completed. He was so generous a friend to his pupils and so great a helper that the College will never be the same again to many of us. But I am conscious that it may seem disconcerting for the new-comers this term that they come on the scene at a moment when we are in mourning, and cannot experience that overflowing zest of life which shows itself at all other similar gatherings at the beginnings of terms. It may be also a little bewildering to those of you whose lines of work did not give you opportunity to know and appreciate the Professor we have lost, so perhaps it will be better if I say for their benefit who it is I am referring to.

Henry Blower's association with musical education in this part of London began with his becoming a scholar of the National Training School, which was the predecessor of our Royal College. He was appointed as a Professor on the staff of the latter Institution in 1885 and was very successful as a teacher and had many brilliant pupils. He always seemed full of life and vigour, and I always felt he was sure to serve the College for many years to come, and was one of the likeliest of us all to live to a hale and vigorous old age. But he broke down suddenly just twelve months ago in South Africa where he was examining for the Associated Board. He was sent home and got so far better that he came back to work here ; but it was evidently a great strain, and he gave it up after May 30, and though always hoping for recovery and striving with magnificent spirit against a really desperate state of physical weakness he died on Monday last. It is no common loss or one lightly to be regarded. For the friend that we miss was a man of

such splendid, sterling character, so full of cheerful common-sense, so brave, so single-hearted, that he influenced everyone with whom he was in close contact for good. No one aroused greater affection and admiration in pupils, for no one was more ready to devote his utmost energies for their benefit. Throughout his long and distressing illness he maintained a splendid cheerfulness; a sort of spirit which makes one feel proud of humanity. He is gone. But I am sure his spirit lives in some of us and will leave his mark on the College for a long while. It is the spirit which would teach us to take even such a loss as this in no weak and whimpering fashion, but with the courage which befits generous minds; and with the readiness to meet whatever comes with resolution, firmness, and frankness—admitting the great loss and respecting it and the feelings of those who suffer most from it, but devoting ourselves to the things we have to do with the same vigour and even cheerfulness as ever.

After all, in spite of the feeling of loss, is there not something to be glad for? Is it not something to be glad for that a life's work has been accomplished in a way that makes us proud of it—that his name stirs our affection and will be honoured whenever it passes the lips of living men?

It takes some of the remorselessness out of death if we think that we can any of us be doing such things and leading such lives that men will admit that we have run honourable courses when our time comes. Some are disheartened because they think their apportionment of gifts is limited and that they never can make a gallant show among their fellows. But it is not by gifts alone that men may win honour among their fellows, but by the consistent cleanliness and straightness and strenuousness of their lives, and the honest use of such gifts as they have. There are plenty of men endowed with great gifts and powers who win no deep regard and who do not excite hearty pleasure when men think of them;—such as use their gifts for mere personal and selfish ends in crooked and ignoble ways; seeking what they call the main chance and barren lip-service from the casual-minded and a reputation that has no real human glow in it.

It is very commonly held that the majority cannot discern fine qualities or rightly judge a noble life. It is no doubt true that silly, trivial people are not naturally disposed to look for what is noble and generous in their fellows. And if that is so, what would it matter whether

they were pleased or not ? But even they are not always silly and trivial. When they are pulled up sharp by some serious crisis or trouble they find there is something besides triviality to engage their feelings. Nobody is trivial at all hours—and when it is said that it is not worth while to please trivial people, it might be more true to say that it is not worth while to please people when they happen to be in the trivial humour. If one could catch them at a moment when they are not silly and trivial their appreciation would be worth having. And in the end, a life that is led with steadfast honesty, self-mastery and good-will to others gets understood by the veriest idiots. For all that may be said by the prophets of confusion, men of all sorts like to see really fine qualities in their fellow men. It makes them feel pleased with their kind and hopeful.

One of the most familiar of our experiences is to see people greatly amused by the type of man who has a genius for finding base motives in other men for everything they do, especially if it has an honourable complexion—and people laugh and seem to agree. But that is when they are not thinking ; and when they come to use their minds a little they much prefer to think that everybody is capable of honest motives, however easy and amusing it may be to make out that they are actuated by bad ones. But when it does come to pass that some man gives proof time after time that he is actuated by short-sighted, mean, ungenerous motives they do not put him among their heroes, however much he may entertain them by his perversities or astonish them by his remarkable gifts. They do not take such men for their models or their leaders except in the things in which they happen to excel. And it is worth remarking that many men who have great special gifts seem to have gaps in their mental outfit in other respects, and sometimes are singularly stupid and blind. Nearly all the crooked things that are done are the result of stupidity and blindness. They never bring any solid fruit that is worth having and generally defeat themselves ; for it is astonishing how quickly people scent crookedness and how it puts them on their guard. If the men who are inclined to such things were only a little more wide awake they would not do them. It is sometimes through being engrossed in other things that they do not keep wide-awake to their deficiencies ; so we can find excuses for being charitable even if we know better than to imitate them.

It is very difficult to keep wide awake in many directions and life has so many sides that most people are defeated in one direction or another. One of the things people need to be wide awake about is the special way in which their own mischievous impulses could make havoc of their lives. Most people get by experience some kind of notion of the direction in which they are liable to go wrong, and when they have any sense they are on their guard. The worst of it is that when they do go wrong they have such a tiresome way of forgetting it, and people have grown so considerate nowadays that when they have found out the particular line in which anyone is liable to go crooked, as it is easy enough for any onlooker to do, they take very particular care not to mention it. So the man who has begun to let his lower impulses get the better of him, before long gets to lose the power of being aware of it ; and tells himself fairy stories about his own beautiful character, and going wrong becomes part of his regular habits whenever inclination comes. It is as well to remember that when a man has done anything crooked or poisonous or foolish it becomes part of him. He cannot again be the man who has not made a fool of himself. His misdoing is just as much part of him as his nose or his ears. There is something about him thenceforward that his better nature would be glad to be rid of and cannot.

But of course it would be absurd to suppose that any man could go through life without doing something stupid and perverse sometimes. All that the best of men can hope for is to have at the end a good, solid balance of the things he has done which are not foolishness.

Looking at it one way, life becomes a grand sort of game in which there is an infinity of chances and an infinity of possibilities of taking the wrong turning ; and we have to keep wide awake to face the chances and mischances and make the best of them ; and to be able to recognise the seductive wrong turnings that lead to quagmires and to decline their alluring falsities. And the best we can hope for when the game comes to an end is to feel that we have not been beaten, and that we can say good-bye to the world with the confidence that the number of times we have done the wrong thing does not altogether swamp the number of times we have done the right thing.

The game is infinitely various, for no two people are alike. Some have much harder work than others because they have a more copious

outfit of adventurous impulses, more irrepressible curiosity or more mischievous pugnacity about them. It is getting beaten by stupid and mischievous impulses that wrecks a man's life and prevents its being worth living. The devils that used to be supposed to tempt men are not outside them but inside. All the evil that men do comes from their own impulses. Men do not cheat and lie and deceive and speak evil of their fellows because some pernicious supernatural imp comes along and invites them to ; but because, in the multitude of impulses which make their temperamental outfit, there is the impulse to cheat and lie and deceive and speak evil ; and when opportunity offers that impulse carries the day against the impulses which are in consonance with a nobler reasonableness and honesty—and the chance for the nobler impulses becomes weaker every time it happens.

But it must be acknowledged that the people who are endowed with mischievous impulses are much more interesting than the people who are colourless ; and when they do come out the right side they get more out of life than the colourless ones. They get more done. For tempestuous and dangerous impulses are often associated with great force of character. Everything is more strongly accentuated and the dangers are easy to see. The colourless ones have more subtle hidden dangers to cope with. They are colourless because all their impulses have a low level of force ; and they are liable to drift into being next to nothing at all. Negative goodness is not of much account and always tends to be purely futile. There are times when one wishes that colourless people would do something outrageously bad to vary the monotony. It would at least give us the assurance that there was something inside them.

The colourless good ones have very little chance of making anything definite of their personalities ; and that is a great drawback. The man who is born with decisive impulses has a great advantage in that respect. People can see plainly what he is. The outlines of his spiritual physiognomy are definite. The outlines of the real characters of the colourless ones are vague and difficult to identify. Men distrust their own estimates of them. They persistently think there must be something hidden ; while the more dangerous dispositions make everyone see there is something there ; and unless their possessors give up the game and let the lower impulses swamp or crush the higher ones they have the chance of

arriving at the crown of life—the establishment of a clear and consistent personality.

A man establishes his definite identity by making consistent and sensible use of such special qualities and aptitudes and impulses as he has. He cannot alter them or pick and choose what he will have, any more than he can pick and choose his parents. But he can direct them. Whether we are weak or strong, healthy or delicate, gifted or ungifted, each of us has to accept the outfit that has got to serve to make a life out of. And as every man's outfit is different from every other man's it is as well to recognise early that each must make the sum total of his life in a different way from other men. That is to say, each man has the supreme opportunity of being something himself, instead of being an ineffectual copy of what he thinks his neighbours are. A man may take pride in having the energy to be self-dependent and definite. Nothing is more likely to make life feel worth living.

But then we have to remember that some very self-dependent people seem to have the gift of making other people's lives not worth living. The capacity for self-dependence does not always go with the mental outfit and judgment which justify it. And that is one of the ways in which a community principle, such as is illustrated in the College, comes in useful. The community can offer a serviceable check to a nature which is unjustifiably aggressive. One might say that it reduces too salient angles by attrition ! At any rate, the other members of the community can comfort one another when they come into unpleasant contact with the protuberances. The community feeling checks a fair amount of irresponsibility by the fact that where there are hundreds of different characters there must be an average ; and an average has the tendency to become a counterpoise to extreme aberrations. While it helps natures endowed with energy to choose between injurious and helpful impulses—it also infuses some vitality into the colourless ones, and helps them to the best type of character prevailing in the particular community or Institution ; and if that type has been developed by sane and wholesome people it is no small gain that people who would otherwise be quite negative should acquire some kind of definiteness.

The relation of the community principle to individual character is of course a very big and important subject, and we cannot venture to be drawn into it now. But the effect it has, both in awakening life

in dull places and in restraining exuberance in dangerous places is obvious. And in the community tradition the lives of those who have belonged to it are of great importance. A life that has been well lived lives on in the lives of those that come after. No doubt a life being well lived is also a help to others, but one that is complete has something more of sanctity about it and when we think of such a life as Mr Blower's, it is complete, rounded off, assured. A living example might disappoint us—we give our admiration with reserve. But with the life that is complete we can—even in sorrow and sympathy—feel glad that it is summed up and that no surprises can tarnish it.

At this moment we are facing the completion of other honourable lives which intimately concern the College besides Mr Blower's. This very day one of the loyalest friends of the College, Sir John Whittaker Ellis, is being taken to his last resting place. He was one of the kindest and most generous of men; and gave the College the benefit of his good sense for many years as a member of the Council and also contributed most generously to its funds.

Yet another loss which fills lovers of music with positive consternation is the sudden death of poor Samuel Coleridge-Taylor, who was the most successful composer who ever came from the College. He seemed full of life and artistic activity and likely to produce quantities more of music which would give pleasure to thousands. But his life, too, is completed most honourably. He was whole-hearted in his devotion to his art and his life was worthily spent in it. He won affection everywhere from the first and we can take pride in claiming him as one who has brought honour to the College as much by his character as by his remarkable gifts.

And even this is not the last of our shadows, for we hear that our dear old friend, Mr Richard Temple is seriously ill; and we most of us have the terrible illness of Mr Hayles in mind; and about neither of these am I in a position to give any reassuring news.

The times when people can be merry and gay in the sunshine test human beings one way, and being in the shadows tests them in another. At present we are deep in shadows. But it would be a mistake to think it necessary to assume a gloomy and despondent air. Experience seems to show that people can be appropriately cheerful even in the midst of tragedies. We have to take such things with the bravery of spirit that is

fitting. It is no good to be merely able to laugh and be boisterously merry. The best laughers and the merriest in season are those who can think of serious things rightly.

Life has so many aspects ; and those of us that serve an art need to be worthy of them all. It is right that we should have to realize the things that are dark and sad and perplexing and mysterious, as well as enjoy those that minister to the zest of life.

Who wants the English Composer ?

*"Come, Muse, migrate from Greece and Ionia,
Cross out, please, those immensely over-paid accounts,
That matter of Troy and Achilles' wrath and Æneas', Oddyseus'
wanderings,
Placard 'removed' and 'to let' on the rocks of your snowy Parnassus,
Repeat at Jerusalem, place the notice high on Jaffa's Gate and on
Mount Moriah,
The same on the walls of your German, French and Spanish Castles
and Italian collections,
For know a better, fresher, busier sphere
A wide untried domain awaits, demands you."* — WALT WHITMAN
(*"Song of the Exposition."*)

It is reported that the head of a famous publishing firm once said, " Why do you young Englishmen go on composing ? Nobody wants you."

Is not this what we all feel in our secret souls at times ? Nobody wants the young English composer, he is unappreciated at home and unknown abroad. And, indeed, the composer who is not wanted in England can hardly desire to be known abroad, for though his appeal should be in the long run universal, art, like charity, should begin at home. If it is to be of any value it must grow out of the very life of himself, the community in which he lives, the nation to which he belongs.

Is it perhaps this misunderstanding of the very essence of the vitality of any art which makes the English composer a drug in the market ? We are too fond in England of looking on music as a matter

of detached appreciation. The English amateur believes with Rossini that there are only two kinds of music—good and bad—and if he can afford it, he prefers to import, together with the best brands of cigars and champagne, the best brands of music also. The connection between music and every day life is entirely severed.

Now, in no other art except music is this connection doubted. No one with any pretence to culture would fail to keep abreast with all that his fellow-countrymen were saying in literature, painting or drama. Such a man may well say, "I think Velasquez a greater painter than Augustus John, Goethe a greater poet than Masefield, and Dostoievsky a greater novelist than Arnold Bennett," yet he would know that unless he had seen and read the pictures, poems, novels or plays of his contemporaries, he would lose one of the surest means of realising what he himself was dimly and inarticulately feeling and thinking, and that the temper of the age was in danger of passing over him, leaving him untouched and unready.

And yet music, the subtlest, most sensitive and purest means of self-expression is supposed to be on a plane by itself, a thing detached from its surroundings, a mere sensation to be enjoyed by the epicure. Thus it comes about that the cultured amateur says to the composer, "What have you to offer me better than the great Masters? I have my Bach, my Beethoven, my Brahms. They are enough to satisfy me; or can you show me more subtle harmonies than Debussy, more striking orchestral effects than Strauss? If not, why should I bore myself by listening to you or trying to play you?" And the Amateur, judged by his own standard, is perfectly right. The English Composer is not and for many generations will not be anything like so good as the great Masters, nor can he do such wonderful things as Strauss and Debussy. But is he for this reason of no value to the community? Is it not possible that he has something to say to his own countrymen that no one of any other age and any other country can say? When English people realize this—that the composer is their own voice speaking through his art those things which they can only dimly grope for—then indeed the English Composer will be wanted, if only he is ready.

But is the English Composer ready? Does he keep his part of the bargain? The Composer on his side is much too apt to look on his art from an aloof and detached point of view, to think of composition as a

series of clever tricks which can be learnt and imitated. The desire to "do it too" whenever the newest thing comes over from abroad is very strong with us all. So long then as our Composers are content to write Operas which only equal Wagner in length, Symphonies made up of scraps of Brahms at his dullest, or pianoforte pieces which are merely crumbs from Debussy's table, we can hardly blame the amateur for preferring the genuine article to the shoddy imitation.

We English Composers are always saying, "Here are Wagner, Brahms, Grieg, Tchaikovsky, what fine fellows they are, let us try and do something like this at home," quite forgetting that the result will not sound at all like "this" when transplanted from its natural soil. It is all very well to catch at the prophet's robe, but the mantle of Elijah is apt, like all second hand clothing, to prove the worst of misfits. We must be our own tailors, we must cut out for ourselves, try on for ourselves and finally wear our own home-made garments, which even if they are homely and home-spun, will at all events fit our bodies and keep them warm; otherwise, if we pick about among great ideas of foreign composers and try to cover our own nakedness with them, we are in danger of being the musical counterparts of the savage clothed in nothing but a top-hat and a string of beads.

How is the Composer to find himself? How is he to stimulate his imagination in a way which will lead to his voicing the sentiments of himself and his fellows? I need hardly at this time of day point to the folk song as a worthy study to all musicians, the germ from which all musical developments ultimately spring. But are there not other incentives for inspiration, imperfect perhaps and overlaid with dross, but pregnant with meaning to those who have ears to hear? Must not any genuine and unforced musical expression be full of suggestion to the musical inventor?

Our Composers are much too fond of going to Concerts. There they hear the finished product; what the artist should be concerned with is the raw material. Have not we all about us forms of musical expression which we can take and purify and raise to the level of great art? For instance, the lilt of the chorus at a music-hall joining in a popular song, the children dancing to a barrel organ, the rousing fervour of a Salvation Army hymn, St. Paul's and a great choir singing in one of its festivals, the Welshmen striking up one of their own hymns whenever

they win a goal at the international football match, the cries of the street pedlars, the factory girls singing their sentimental songs? Have all these nothing to say to us? Have we not in England occasions crying out for music? Do not all our great pageants of human beings, whether they take the form of a coronation or a syndicalist demonstration require music for their full expression. We must cultivate a sense of musical citizenship; why should not the musician be the servant of the State and build national monuments like the painter, the writer, or the architect?

Art for art's sake has never flourished in England. We are often called inartistic because our art is unconscious. Our drama and poetry, like our laws and our constitution, have evolved by accident while we thought we were doing something else, and so it will be with music. The composer must not shut himself up and think about art, he must live with his fellows and make his art an expression of the whole life of the community—if we seek for art we shall not find it.

Modern music is in a state of ferment. Composers all the world over are trying new paths, new experiments. This you may say will not produce great composers: perhaps not at first. There are hardly any great composers, but there can be many sincere composers. There is nothing in the world worse than sham good music. There is no form of insincerity more subtle than that which is coupled with great earnestness of purpose and determination to do only the best and the highest—this unconscious insincerity which leads us to build up great designs which we cannot fill and to simulate emotions which we can only feel vicariously.

If we look back into the history of music we find a state of things almost exactly parallel to that of our own times:—the musical revolution of the 17th century. Here we have the same ferment, the same striking out of new paths and new experiments. Here also we find an absence of great names. But this ferment, this age of experiments made possible in time the advent of Johann Sebastian Bach. It was not his musical ancestry only that made it possible for Bach to be a great composer; the social conditions which immediately preceded him are also partly responsible for him. He was the last of a race of musicians who started humbly enough, but gradually rose to occupy the very highest musical posts amongst their fellow townsmen. It was

the sense of musical citizenship which produced them, they served the community as composers, as organists, as "town pipers" and it was out of this musical environment that there came at last the greatest of all musicians.

Perhaps the future has another Bach in store for us and perhaps he will be an Englishman, but if that is to be so we must prepare the way for him.

R. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS

The R.C.Y.C. Union

"Is all our company here?"

" You were best to call them generally, man by man, according to the scrip."

SHAKESPEARE

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

January spells 'Annual General Meeting' in the College Union Calendar, and *Thursday* afternoon, January 16, is the date fixed for this year's General Meeting in the Concert Hall of the College, at 3.30 p.m., the Business Meeting being followed by tea and coffee as usual.

MEETINGS AT MEMBERS' HOUSES

The Union owes sincere thanks to Miss Christa Wood (Miss Agnes Christa) and Miss Mabel Saumarez Smith for two very delightful parties which it has enjoyed during the Christmas term. The first was held on Monday evening, November 18, at the Imperial Club, Lexham Gardens, S.W., by kind invitation of Miss Christa Wood, when a very large number of members was present, and the programme of music was as follows:—

PIANO SOLOS	a. Rhapsody in E flat	Brahms	c. 'Song of the Night at Daybreak'
	b. Jeg gaar i Tusind Tanker	Grieg	MISS MARGARET CHAMPNIER
	c. Toccata in C sharp minor	Debussy	At the Piano—MR HAROLD DARKE
	MISS ANNA MARSH		STRING QUARTET in A minor
SONGS (from Songs for Contralto and Orchestra)			Charles Wood
(by request)		Marion M. Scott	MR EUGÈNE GOOSSENS
a. 'In Early Spring'			MISS ELSIE DUDDING
b. 'Thoughts'			MR THOMAS PLATHFELD
			MR JOHN SHOWNDALE
			SONG
			'Caro nome' (Rigoletto)
			Venice
			MISS BISSI JONES
			At the Piano—MR HURST BANNISTER

The other party took place on Monday evening, December 16: Miss Saumarez Smith most kindly entertaining the members at 130 Haverstock Hill, N.W., when the following programme of music was given:—

QUARTET in A major, op. 26	Brahms	A! the Piano—Mr HAROLD DARKE
For Piano, Violin, Viola and Violoncello		
MISS MAUD GAY,	MISS ESTHER CAMP CUFF	PIANO DUET . . . Suite de Pièces . . . S. P. Waddington
MISS REBECCA CLARKE,	MISS MAY BARTLETT	(Mendelssohn Scholar, 1890)
SONGS	a. Mignon's Song'	1. Ouverture, 2. Berceuse, 3. Intermezzo,
	b. Niemand hat's geschen	4. Sérénade espagnole, 5. Finale,
	c. 'Solvej's Song'	Mr ERIC GRITTON (Mendelssohn Scholar 1899)
	MISS KATHLEEN PECK	Mr J. ALAN TALES (Mendelssohn Scholar 1912)

MR HAYLES

Mr Hayles was such a kind and ever-helpful friend to the College Union, and he was so well known to the members, that his death on October 6, was a heavy loss. The Hon. Officers felt sure that all past and present pupils of the R.C.M. belonging to the Union would wish to express their regret and pay a tribute to his memory. A beautiful wreath was therefore sent from the R.C.M. Union, made of crimson and white flowers to represent the College colours.

LIST OF MEMBERS AND ADDRESS BOOK

The list of Members and addresses for 1913 will be published in the Spring and in order to ensure accuracy Members are earnestly requested to send to the Hon Secretaries any changes or corrections of address which they wish inserted. Also, whenever possible, Members are requested to send their Telephone numbers, as the List is increasingly used in various departments of the College and is also much used by the Members at large.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS

The bulk of Subscriptions for the year 1912-13 have already been paid, but a certain proportion are still in arrears ; they became due on November 1 and Members are requested to send them at their earliest convenience. By a Regulation of the General Committee no Magazines can be forwarded to Members whose Subscriptions are more than three months overdue. Members are also reminded that default of Subscription does not constitute a resignation, the General Committee having passed a Regulation whereby only those resignations can be considered as valid which have been duly notified in writing to the Hon. Secretaries.

MARION M. SCOTT

A. BEATRIX DARNELL

Hon. Secretaries

Obituaries

HENRY BLOWER

(Died September 23, 1912).

" . . . Holding fast the link,
God-riveted, that bridges casual storms."—T. E. BROWN

We who have made our home at the College and many others in the musical world outside are very much the poorer through the death of Henry Blower, who had spent his life in well-doing and remained in harness as beffited his nature almost to the end.

He chose for his last resting-place (eminently characteristic of him), a quiet, secluded little churchyard, far from the madding crowd, on one of the loftiest hills overlooking the English Channel and in sight of his own Bungalow where some of his happiest hours had been spent.

As we slowly toiled up the steep slope mile after mile to the primitive spot where he was to be buried, my mind was irresistibly carried back to the time when we sat together in Bayreuth many years ago, and drank in the wonderful impressions created by Siegfried's Last Journey up the Hills. It is a far cry from the heroic romance of "Siegfried's Tod" to the mundane times in which we live, and one wonders why these reminiscences should come to mind at such a moment of sorrow! Perhaps it is the extraordinary vitality and indomitable courage which filled our old friend's life to overflowing which make the thought appropriate.

He was indeed a man of remarkable qualities; and united to this unfailing courage, a never-ending and cheery optimism in all circumstances. It required great pluck at the commencement of his artistic career to leave his former business, which promised to be highly successful, and to migrate to London when he already had the responsibilities of a wife and family, in order to join the thorny path of a profession which had always made strong appeals to his nature.

He joined our little band of earnest students at the National Training School for Music in the late 'seventies and became one of the most diligent, enthusiastic and successful of the many scholars who were gathered together under delightfully artistic conditions in the old College buildings.

The struggle for existence in those days pressed hard on many aspiring musicians, and Blower had to eke out his means of livelihood by playing the Organ on Sundays, and oftentimes singing or accompanying in the evenings after a hard day's study.

His pluck never deserted him. On his last journey in South Africa he was suddenly told by the doctors in Cape Town that he was a doomed man, and must return to England by the next boat—with a chance that he might not even reach Southampton. He never murmured but continued his Examination work up to the last moment, placed a letter in his pocket for his wife, sent another cheery epistle to a friend who happened to be in Rhodesia at the time, and calmly left himself in the hands of Providence.

In his own words:—

"According to doctors three, there appears to be one clear case for me. . . . There is just a 'sporting chance' that I may reach home, so to-day I make a dash for it. I want to see my loved ones again, desperately bad. Good bye! Do some more work while you have strength. . . ."

Mr Blower's life-work is well enough known to our present and former students and professors to need no recapitulation. His innumerable pupils always had unbounded faith in their master; and he had the remarkably sympathetic gift of creating in his pupils a constant ambition and faith in themselves.

Perhaps one of the moments he most treasured was at the end of that memorable performance of *Orfeo* in the old Lyceum Theatre, when his distinguished pupil Clara Butt, first astonished the world by the glory of her voice and her impelling personality. It was all the more a proud occasion as at the outset she was thought to have had but a slight chance of becoming celebrated.

Amongst the characteristics of his teaching, his pupils will easily remember his unvariable directness of purpose in everything he did; his vigorous and sane handling of the musical subject-matter, the forcible sense of precise time, accent and rhythmic pulsation, and intolerance of anything 'namby-pamby' or indecisive.

His tastes were wide and catholic, and his enthusiasm was displayed with equal zest, whether relating his experiences and dwelling on the delights of singing *Elijah* in its birthplace or praising a performance of *Salome* on the Continent nearly half a century afterwards.

His 30 years' strenuous and successful work especially as a teacher won for him a notable position in music; and all who value honest and artistic effort and attainment will keep in their memories a grateful appreciation of Henry Blower's honourable achievements.

A FELLOW STUDENT

PROPOSED HENRY BLOWER MEMORIAL

Many pupils and friends of the late Mr Henry Blower have suggested raising a memorial to him, in the form of some annual award at the R.C.M.

Promises of support have been received from Madame Clara Butt, Miss Maria Yelland, Mr Ivor Foster and many other old pupils of Mr Blower, and both general and executive committees are being constituted.

Dr F. J. Read has undertaken to act as Hon. Treasurer, and Mr Warren Wynne and Miss Coral Peachey have been appointed joint Hon. Secretaries.

It is hoped that old Collegians, who have pleasant memories of their years of study at the R.C.M., will do what they can individually to promote this project for the perpetuation of the memory of one who devoted his time and talent to the service of the College, from the days of its very inception.

Those desiring information should communicate at once with the Hon. Secretary—Mr Warren Wynne, Broomhurst, Frimley Green, Surrey, who will be pleased to give the necessary particulars. Cheques and donations should be forwarded direct to the Hon. Treasurer—Dr F. J. Read, 11 Cottesmore Gardens, Kensington, W.

RICHARD TEMPLE

(Died October 19, 1912).

"Is life a boon?
If so, it must befall
That death whene'er he call
Must call too soon."—W. S. GILBERT
(Yeomen of the Guard).

Collegians who have played in the College Operas must have been deeply grieved to read the news of the death of Richard Temple.

Although his real name was Richard Barker Cobb, he was known to the world as Richard Temple, and very affectionately known to his friends as "Dick" Temple. Born about 65 years ago (though few would have suspected the fact), his life was a busy one and his artistic career both varied and illustrious. He sang at Concerts and played in Grand Opera as far back as 1872, but his name did not become really famous until 1877, when he began his long series of triumphs with the Gilbert and Sullivan Comic Operas under the 'never-to-be-forgotten' D'Oyly Carte management. After remaining at the Savoy for something like 15 years, he appeared at the Old Gaiety, the Olympic and several other Theatres in London, and also made a Music Hall *début* in 1892—a plucky thing for a high-class vocalist to do in those days. Posterity, however—when it troubles to remember its old favourites—will always remember Richard Temple by his many creations at the Old Opera Comique and the Savoy Theatre. Of the eight parts he created in the Gilbert and Sullivan Operas the most popular was certainly the whimsical monarch in *The Mikado*, who was so fastidious about the punishments he meted out to the people who offended him. When in the *Mikado*'s song he used to sing: 'A more humane Mikado never did in Japan exist' he unconsciously spoke truly of himself, because the most

prominent trait in his character was his human sympathy. To drill raw students in the elementary technique of the Stage is no easy task and indeed can only be accomplished by the exercise of great tact and patience. Mr Temple came to the College in 1892, and with Sir Charles Stanford was associated with 21 or 22 Operatic productions. The excellence of these productions, from an actor's point of view, is proof enough of the thoroughly sound work Mr Temple did during his long professorship at the College.

It was my good fortune to work under his guidance in four operas, and to have grown to love the man and his methods; and if the many students who have passed through his hands feel as grateful as I do for his kindly encouragement and beneficial influence, then surely he must occupy a distinctive place in the roll of departed College Professors, and have won for himself a lasting and tender memory.

Unfortunately, his last days were not as comfortable as he deserved that they should be. Shortly after the performance of Cherubini's *Water Carrier* in November, 1911, his health began to fail, and with this decline came also the pinch of poverty. Apparently his straightened circumstances were not known to his friends, for it was not until last September that an appeal on his behalf was made by Mr Seymour Hicks. The response was prompt and generous, but it was too late. Mr Temple had already been compelled to go into Charing-Cross Hospital, his health having completely given out; he heard his 'call' in the early hours of Saturday morning, October 19—and quickly slipped away.

GEORGE BAKER

JOHN HAYLES

(*Died October 6, 1912. Aged 67.*)

*"This memory all men may have in mind;
Ye hearers, take it of worth, old and young."*

—EVERYMAN

For twenty-four years every new pupil entering the College found a friend at once in Mr Hayles; for twenty-four years every ex-pupil coming back to the place found a friendly remembrance and welcome from Mr Hayles; more than all, during those years the entire College staff from the Director and Professors down to the youngest office boy knew that they would always find in Mr Hayles an unfailing integrity, thoughtfulness and devotion to duty. And with it all such a delightful humour! Austere to himself alone, John Hayles was full of quaint wit and kindly common sense in his dealings with others. He might well have adopted the motto, 'Serve God and be cheerful.'

Mr Hayles seemed so much a part of the College that probably few Collegians know that in early life he had tried his hand at many sorts of work, and this diversity of experience no doubt increased his naturally keen discernment of human nature and fitted him to fill his special niche when he found it. As a boy he was a chorister at St. Nicholas's Church Rochester, and later acted as librarian to the Church of England Institute. Then he spent ten years in a solicitor's office; from there he went to an appointment at Maidstone, which in turn he exchanged for farming at Westfield. Lastly he was introduced to the College by the then Registrar, Mr George Watson, and in February, 1888, entered upon those duties in the 'Front Office' which he discharged with such fidelity and success for nearly a quarter of a century. At first he found the work very trying and distracting, so much so indeed that at the end of six weeks he told Mr Watson he must leave. Mr Watson urged him to remain, adding, "You will get used to it in time!" How used he got is known by all of us who saw him at work, brisk, capable and cheerful. He knew everybody in the College and everybody knew him. When one went in for about the hundredth time in a day with some request—perhaps interrupting him

in the middle of some difficult work, or unwittingly calling him away from his team—how many of us can remember his characteristic reply to our apologies, “It isn’t any trouble, we don’t *make* it a trouble, it is what we are here for, it is our business to take trouble,” and straightway the thing was done!

One of his colleagues has truly said of Mr Hayles that the College became his life: all his time was spent between it and his home, and his conduct in both was guided by a profound conviction of the truths of Christianity. His home life was genuinely happy, warm ties of affection uniting him to his wife and other members of his family. He took pleasure in such hobbies as gardening, books and china, but above all, his greatest pleasure was to do kindnesses to his fellow creatures.

For some time last winter Mr Hayles did not seem in such good health as usual, but he worked on up to February 3—a day which proved to be his last at the College for business purposes. Next day he saw his doctor who urged him to consult a specialist. When he did so, Mr Hayles said, "I feel I am going to receive my sentence." His illness was mortal, yet he received the news with unshaken fortitude, and in the long months which followed he never once complained, never once showed the slightest sign of fear. When a member of his family spoke of the cruelty of his lot he said, "You mustn't say that, my dear, there is some good purpose in it, though *we* can't understand it." As the summer drew on his physical strength waned, but his courage only glowed the clearer. One who was with him constantly, said, a fortnight before his death, "He just lies there quietly, looking up," and the sentence carried with it a full spiritual significance. On Sunday October 6 he passed away. The funeral took place on the following Saturday, October 12, at St. Luke's Church Wimbledon. It had been a morning of black fog, but suddenly the darkness rolled away, and when the coffin was borne into the church the still radiance of autumn sunshine lay over all. The service was attended by Mr Hayles's family and friends, the officials, his colleagues, and other members of the Royal College of Music, and Mr Sewell was at the organ. The interment took place at Wandsworth Cemetery. When all was over masses of flowers were laid above the grave:—wreaths from his family and friends, a wreath from the Council of the R.C.M., others from the Professors, his colleagues of the staff, the R.C.M. Union, the R.C.M. Magazine, and many individual members of the College:—symbols of the thought that

"Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust."

M N S

College Concerts

"Il ne faut pas, Monsieur, que le nom d'écoulier vous abuse. Ces sortes d'écouliers en savent autant que les plus grands maîtres, et l'air est aussi beau qu'il s'en puisse faire. Écoutez seulement." —MOLIÈRE.

Thursday, October 11 (Chamber)

Thursday, October 31 (Chamber)

1. QUARTET for Strings, in D minor, op. posth. *Schubert*

ELSIE DUDDING (Scholar), A.R.C.M.
DORA GARLAND (Scholar)

THOMAS PEARFIELD, A.R.C.M.
JOHN K. SNOWDEN (Scholar)

2. SONGS . . . a. At Eventide . . . *Christine Scott*
b. O That May Morn! (Ex-Student)
(First performance)
MARJORIE LOCKLY (Exhibitioner), A.R.C.M.

3. VIOLONCELLO SOLOS . . .
a. Adagio from Sonata in D major *Locatelli*
b. Am Springbrunnen . . . *Davidoff*
HAROLD MUSLIS (Scholar)

4. SONGS . . . a. Il est un jardin d'amour *Gustave Doré*
b. Oh! Si les fleurs avaient des yeux! *Massenet*
c. Chant du Berger . . . *Schulhoff*
DOROTHY GRASON

5. VIOLIN SOLO . . . Allemande, Corrente, Sarabanda, Giga; from Sonata in D minor for Violin alone . . . *Bach*
DORA GARLAND (Scholar)

6. SONGS . . . a. Kein Lichtlein . . . *Tchaikovsky*
b. Warum . . . *LILLIE CUIR (Exhibitioner), A.R.C.M.*

7. ORGAN SOLOS—Two Preludes founded on the following tunes:—
a. St. Mary's . . . *Charles Wood*
b. Old 113th Psalm . . . (First performance)
HARRY H. STUBBS (Scholar), A.R.C.M.

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Accompanists—

REGINALD FOORT (Scholar). DOROTHY GRASON
FLORENCE HANSON (Exhibitioner)
CONSTANCE STOCKBRIDGE

Accompanists—

REGINALD FOORT (Scholar). DOROTHY GRASON
FLORENCE HANSON (Exhibitioner)
CONSTANCE STOCKBRIDGE

Friday, November 8 (Chamber)

1. QUARTET for Strings, in A major, op. 18, No. 5 *Beethoven*
 IVY WIGMORE (Exhibitioner), A.R.C.M.
 DOROTHY GURNEY (Exhibitioner)
 THOMAS PEATFIELD, A.R.C.M.
 HELEN BEECHING (Scholar)

2. SONG .. Die Junge Nonne .. *Schubert*
 WINIFRED COOPER (Scholar)

3. PIANO SOLOS—
 a. Intermezzo, op. 26, No. 4 *Schumann*
 b. Feux Follets .. *Liszt*

BERTHA NOTTINGHAM (Scholar)

4. SONGS .. a. Liebesfeier .. *Weingartner*
 b. Le Tasse .. *Godard*
 CLARA SIMONS

5. VIOLONCELLO SOLOS—
 a. Sicilienne .. *G. Faure*
 b. Scherzo .. *Victor Herbert*
 HELEN BEECHING (Scholar)

6. SONGS .. a. Absence .. *Berlioz*
 b. La Première .. *Amherst Webber*
 c. Le Sabot de frêne .. *Bruneau*

MARGARET CHAMPNEYS, A.R.C.M.

7. QUARTET for Piano and Strings, in G minor,
 op. 25 .. *Brahms*
 ROSALIE M. STOKES (Exhibitioner)
 ENID KNIGHT-BRUCE (Exhibitioner)

THOMAS PEATFIELD, A.R.C.M. JOHN K. SNOWDEN (Scholar)

Accompanists—
 CONSTANCE STOCKBRIDGE, DOROTHY GRASON
 LILY MINES

Friday, November 15 (Orchestral)

1. OVERTURE in miniature .. *E. Wolf-Ferrari*
 Suzanne's Secret

2. CONCERTO in C major, op. 20 .. *Eugène D'Albert*
 for Violoncello and Orchestra
 JOHN K. SNOWDEN (Scholar)

3. FINNISH FANTASIA, for Orchestra, op. 88
 A. Glazounov
 (First performance in England)

4. WELSH FOLK SONGS *arr. by A. Somervell*
 a. Dafydd Carreg Wen (David of the White Rock)
 b. Suo Gan (Lullaby)
 c. Yr Hufen Melyn (The Yellow Cream)
 (First performance in London)
 DULYS JONES

5. FANTASTIC SYMPHONY .. *Berlioz*
 Episode in the Life of an Artist

Conductor—SIR CHARLES V. STANFORD,
 D.C.L., M.A., Mus. Doc.

Thursday, November 26 (Chamber)

1. QUARTET for Strings, in G minor .. *Haydn*
 DORA GARLAND (Scholar)

JESSIE STEWART (Exhibitioner), A.R.C.M.

SYBIL MATURIN, A.R.C.M. JOHN K. SNOWDEN (Scholar)

2. SONGS .. a. Das Wirtshaus .. *Schubert*
 b. An ein Veilchen .. *Brahms*
 c. Die Forelle .. *Schubert*

J. RUTH H. PRIESTMAN, A.R.C.M.

3. PIANO SOLO .. *Chopin*
 Scherzo, No. 4, in E major, op. 54
 RITA LONG

4. SONGS .. *Brahms*
 a. O Tod, wie bitter bist du, op. 121, No. 3
 b. Minniedied, op. 71, No. 5
 WILLIAM H. GREEN (Scholar)

5. ORGAN SOLO .. *César Franck*
 Finale in B flat, op. 21
 MAURICE VINDEN (Scholar)

6. SONGS .. a. Lungi dal caro bene .. *Secchi*
 b. I'll rock you to sleep .. *arr. by C. V. Stanford*
 FLORENCE DIMOCK

7. TRIO for Piano and Strings, in B major, op. 8 *Brahms*
 NORAH CORDWELL (Scholar)
 JESSIE STEWART (Exhibitioner), A.R.C.M.
 THELMA BENTWICH (Scholar)

Accompanists—
 CONSTANCE STOCKBRIDGE, H. ARNOLD SMITH, A.R.C.M.

Tuesday, December 3 (Chamber)

1. QUARTET for Strings, in C minor, op. 18, No. 4 *Beethoven*
 DOROTHY E. BOSTOCK (Exhibitioner)
 ENID KNIGHT-BRUCE (Exhibitioner)
 THOMAS PEATFIELD, A.R.C.M.
 THELMA BENTWICH (Scholar)

2. SCENE .. Mad Bess .. *Purcell*
 DORA HORNER (Scholar)

3. VIOLONCELLO SOLO .. *Porpora*
 SONATA in F (*ed. by A. Piatto*)

E. MILDRED COLAM (Exhibitioner)

4. SONGS Three Gipsy Songs, op. 55 .. *Dvorák*
 PHYLLIS HOWSE

5. ORGAN SOLO .. Fantasia in F .. *Mozart*
 ALBERT MIDGLEY (Scholar)

6. SONGS a. Ah ! mal non cessate .. *Donaudy*
 b. La Colomba .. *Kurt Schindler*
 EVELYN PULLON

7. QUINTET for Piano and Strings, in F minor *César Franck*
 J. ALAN TAFFS (Scholar)
 ELSIE DUDDING (Scholar), A.R.C.M.
 DORA GARLAND (Scholar)
 THOMAS PEATFIELD, A.R.C.M.
 JOHN K. SNOWDEN (Scholar)

Accompanists—
 LILY MINES, CONSTANCE STOCKBRIDGE
 H. ARNOLD SMITH, A.R.C.M.

Friday, December 13 (Orchestral)

1. SYMPHONY in D major (Prague) .. *Mozart*

2. SONG .. Ach, bleibe doch .. *Bach*
 (from "Lobet Gott in seinen Reichen")
 MARGARET CHAMPNEYS, A.R.C.M.

3. CONCERTO for Piano & Orchestra in E flat *Liszt*
 J. ALAN TAFFS (Scholar)

4. SONG .. Loreley .. *Liszt*
 KATHARINE RYAN (Scholar)

5. SUITE for Orchestra .. *R. Vaughan Williams*
 The Wasps (*Aristophanes*)
 (Conducted by the Composer)

1. OVERTURE .. 2. ENTR'ACTE

3. MARCH, "The March Past of the Kitchen
 Implements"

4. ENTR'ACTE. 5. BALLET AND FINAL TABLEAU

Conductor—SIR CHARLES V. STANFORD,
 D.C.L., M.A., Mus. Doc.

The Opera

The College was proud to have the honour of reviving Sir Alexander Mackenzie's Opera *Colomba* on the afternoon of December 9. As before, His Majesty's Theatre had been kindly lent by Sir Herbert Tree for the occasion, and the work was conducted by Sir Charles Stanford. But there was one change in the list of those identified with this year's Operatic production. For many years the stage direction had been in the hands of Mr Richard Temple, whose sad death Collegians have every cause to deplore while they remember gratefully the splendid work he did as stage manager of the Opera performances. His place was taken by Mr Cairns James, and the absolute smoothness with which difficult stage business was carried out and the charming effect which the pictorial side of the Opera presented is the highest testimony to his skill and care.

Most people know, though many cannot remember, that *Colomba* was written for and produced by the Carl Rosa Opera Company at Drury Lane Theatre in 1883, and it was then looked upon as a very remarkable piece of work. It was given a little later at Hamburg and Darmstadt, but except for a performance without orchestra by the students of the Royal Academy of Music in their old Concert Hall a few years ago, it had not been heard for a considerable time.

For the present occasion the plot had been remodelled and the libretto, originally by Francis Hueffer, had been largely re-written by Mr Aveling, and the composer had revised the music to suit the new conditions. Everyone was agreed that the result was an immense gain ; that the chief situations were thrown into stronger prominence, that the shortening of the last two acts into one gave a dramatic concentration which was wanting before, and that the new words, removing some rather absurd rhymes and substituting simple English, were an invaluable help to the proper appreciation of the Opera.

For the benefit of those who could not be present it may be worth while to give a short description of the story as it now stands. Act I. opens upon the market place at the sea-port of Ajaccio in Corsica. Gaily dressed fishermen and market girls are hawking their goods, and peasants are buying from them. It is a vivacious scene, full of colour and movement, on the stage and in the orchestra. A ship sails into port and is

moored at the quay, and from it comes a sergeant directing porters who carry luggage on shore. An old woman asks the sergeant who the visitors are, but he is too much of a jack-in-office to tell, until he is coaxed by a pretty girl, Chilina, the daughter of the brigand, Savelli. Then he says that the visitors are the Count de Nevers, the new Governor of the island, his daughter, Lydia, and Orso della Rebbia, who is going to marry Lydia. Chilina abruptly says that Orso, who is a Corsican, will do nothing of the sort, and when she is asked why, Savelli tells the story of the 'vendetta' which is the chief motive of the opera. Orso is the brother of Colomba; their father was murdered by two brothers, the Barracini, and Colomba now lives for nothing else but the return of her brother to avenge the murder. Chilina sings the 'Vocero,' which all know to be the symbol of the cry for vengeance. As she sings, soldiers enter and the song is interrupted by the landing of the Governor and his suite. So Orso is at once face to face with his countrypeople, who are intent upon his executing the 'vendetta,' and with Lydia whom he loves and who would keep him from doing so. The coming of Colomba completes the situation, for she refuses to embrace him till the murder is avenged, tells him what he did not know before, that the death of their father was murder and not accident and calls on the people to rejoice at the coming of the avenger. When Lydia sees that Orso is moved by the instinct for revenge she turns from him in anger. In the second act, we have Colomba in her home and a village merrymaking, introducing a charming ballet (made the more charming by the grace of Miss Marjorie Hamilton's solo dance), to which the Governor with the Barracini come. The Governor, who knows about as much of the temper of the people as a Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, tries to make peace between Orso and the Barracini and would have succeeded but for the proofs of the murder which Colomba and Savelli bring. The scene ends in a challenge by Orso to the elder of the Barracini to meet him in fair fight. That however is not Barracini's game at all, and when, at the beginning of Act III., Orso comes to the appointed place in the mountains, he has been careful to put his brother with a gun behind a rock. This is the point from which Mr Aveling has taken the story into his own hands. Chilina passes by, singing a song of warning to Orso; and then Colomba brings Lydia, who is repentant when she finds that her lover did not intend to murder but only to fight, and there is a scene of reconciliation

between the two. Meantime Colomba is less interested in the meeting of lovers than in that of enemies. She knows the habits of the Barracini, and provides herself with another gun and another rock. The elder brother enters and taunts Orso, and while he is doing so the younger one shoots at him. Colomba shoots the elder brother, rushes off to get a shot at the younger, and to draw the soldiers who are coming at the sound of the guns on to her track, that Orso may not be accused. She too is shot by them, and with the wounded Barracini is carried in by the soldiers. So we get the extinction of the Barracini and the death of Colomba, with Orso and Lydia left presumably to live happily ever after, and the only question left unsolved by Mr Aveling's skilful manipulation of the details is why Colomba, with her straight aim and her knowledge of Corsican character, ever waited for the coming of her brother at all.

As to the performance, we will keep to our rule of refusing the temptation to discuss the efforts of the College in these columns. We will only say in a word that the whole cast gave us ample opportunities of enjoying Sir Alexander Mackenzie's fine music. But we may perhaps venture to say something of what others say of us. The London Press, or at any rate, the more important papers, were generally agreed that it was a good thing to give a chance of hearing Sir Alexander's comparatively early work in a revised form, and seemed anxious to commend the venture. As to differences of opinion about the standard of performance reached we have nothing to say. Such differences depend so much upon the individual standpoint of the writer that even apparent contradictions may have truth on both sides. But we notice one difference of statement which is not a matter of opinion. Two leading morning papers admired the general distinctness with which the singers pronounced their words, and one of them even suggested that Mr Macklin, whose singing was highly praised, 'should guard against over-emphasis in enunciation.' A third said, 'The public is at least entitled to clear enunciation of the words. With one or two exceptions, their anticipations were not realized,' which, translated into English, means that the writer did not think the pronunciation was generally distinct. All these three critics were sitting in the same part of the stalls, to be precise, the last-quoted was a row in front of the first. When two men hear what a third does not hear, it is safe to infer either that the third was not listening or that he should consult an aurist. At any rate, we may

accept the positive statement rather than the negative and congratulate the company on their clear diction.

COLOMBA

LYRIC DRAMA IN THREE ACTS

Written by FRANCIS HUEFFER. (Revised by CLAUDE AVELING)

Composed by ALEXANDER C. MACKENZIE

Characters—

COUNT DE NEVERS	PERCY THOMAS (Student)
(Governor of Corsica)		
ORSO DELLA REBBIA	GEORGE MACKLIN (Scholar)
(An Officer in the French Army)		
BRANDO SAVELLI (a Brigand)	WILLIAM GREEN (Scholar)
GIUSEPPE BARRACINI (a Lawyer)	..	JOSEPH IRELAND (ex-Scholar)
ANTONIO (His Brother)	}
SERGEANT OF MARINES	JACOB WILLIAMSON (Scholar)
COLOMBA (Sister of Orso)	OLIVE STURGEON (Exhibitioner)
LYDIA (the Count's Daughter)	IDWEN THOMAS (Exhibitioner)
CHILINA (Savelli's Daughter)	LILLIE CHIPP (Exhibitioner)
A MARKET WOMAN	CLARA SIMONS (Student)
PEASANT GIRL (May-Queen)	MARJORIE HAMILTON (Student)

STAGE DIRECTOR—MR CAIRNS JAMES

Chorus Master—MR HAROLD SAMUEL

The Dances arranged by MR B. SOUTTEN

Conductor—

SIR CHARLES V. STANFORD, D.C.L., M.A., Mus. Doc.

The Silence of Pan

I take my way down across the common, where a silvery, sandy path lies like a frayed silken ribbon across the worn emerald velvet of the grass. The hand of Death is over the landscape, decking it with burning glories of autumn; and in the weak, soft blue of the sky the eye of the sun glazes behind a film of early evening mist. The bramble-bushes have edged their leaves with a mourning-band of purple, and everywhere along the hedgerows stand stiff clusters of blackberries; little knots of silent funeral spectators. Scarcely a breath stirs, but a subtle chill of winter's nearing presence pervades the air; and though there is neither speech nor language, yet the silence that lies over the countryside holds the message of a soundless symphony—Requiem.

Over the common, the lane points me up a hill, past a tree-shaded and gabled lodge, standing beside a massive gateway. A little beyond

this, a field-path leads off to the right across a stretch of undulating meadow-land, from which the wooded park slopes away towards the dip out of which the lane has brought me: all round on either hand stand scattered clumps of trees; oak, elm, beech, and the tall fairy-like birch; a kind of wild, desolate prayer in the flaming uplift of their ragged arms, so full of fierce arrested movement—so deathly, rigidly still.

Here the path runs under the shade of low-swung boughs in cathedral-like gloom. A dim richness of tawny colour filters down from the fret of stained, translucent leaves that spread their diamond tracery overhead in a clerestory of little fantastic panes. Stand here awhile, and listen to the silence of Pan.

The fascination of silence!

That great ocean wherein lies hidden the mighty secret of sound.

“Thou art more

Than a mere void, a blank, an opiate—

A fast-closed door:

Thou art of sound the fundamental soul,

Thou dost embrace the whole!”

Verily it seems as if under that fathomless silence throbs the converse of a thousand whispered voices: a multitude of unawakened harmonies: the mystery of all the unspoken secrets of Nature, breathed out in a soundless chorus from form and colour even as the Creator breathed that mystery into them at the first; the sublime secret of the silent voice of God.

There comes a strange restless longing, creeping, overpowering, to comprehend or to be comprehended by that huge sea of living silence: almost the impulse to cry out—strive to give utterance to the unexpressed, inexpressible thought that moves and throbs below the surface; or else by some divine new sense to catch the secret whispered from leaf to leaf, passed in quick electric flash from bough to bough and uttered incessantly in the hidden chambers of earth and air. Beneath all this outward cloak of mourning, this regal pomp of the year's sunset, a great preparation is taking place with unhurried certainty. Hark! a light whisper from a soft-winged messenger of the wind, and the silence is broken by the kiss of a golden leaf as it floats down to its welcomed grave. With viewless haste, a beech-nut husk follows it, and as the

whisper rises in a brief crescendo, others alight invisibly on the carpet of orange and amber, with the sudden leathern tap as of a rain-drop. The wind is gone, afar across the fields where the great rooks strut to and fro, away into the violet-hazed distance ; and Pan is again silent. Yet the work goes on, of which this mysterious unhuman movement has shown us a momentary jealous glimpse.

The mystery of movement !

The second great spell cast over man by old mother earth.

Movement, holding the secret of Purpose : that perpetual, oft-times eerily slow yet irresistible progress of hidden living forces to some stupendous, ever-growing, ever-widening end. Surely it is in these two attributes of nature that her wonderful fascination lies. Silence and movement, holding the secrets of sound and purpose.

For in silence stands the awe of woodland the depth, the still pool, the lonely lake ; tenfold intensified when mist or darkness hides the secret of form and colour as well. So, too, in movement lies the fascination of the flowing river, holding the gaze as one leans idly over some worn stone bridge ; in the gusty wind that blows up over a shaggy cliff-edge and the restless drive and hollow thunder of the waves below. The ceaselessly rippling mountain stream is no less a guardian of the veiled mystery of life than is the vast field of silence into which it speaks its message, in that unknown tongue whereby all nature converses so intimately and which man may strive in vain to understand. The roar of the mill-stream and the aged, drooping willows that overhang its banks, talk of the same eternal mystery. Silence and movement--the guardians of sound and purpose.

I turn aside over a stile and follow a winding way up through a quiet, darkening copse. Here is a silver gleam of water set in the midst of the speckled yellow hazels and mazy brambles : a mirror of the wan sky which shows among the skeleton tree-tops. Again the waiting silence. Among the ruddy piled beech-leaves a quick rustle sounds startlingly loud as a little grey field-mouse suddenly runs out from his hole. He too is busy with his small plans : a denizen of yet another world from whose intimacy man is excluded and whose language he may not speak. The thought gives one a strange sense of isolation and exclusion : for nature ever lies strongholed behind impenetrable walls that keep man from full comprehension of herself ;

and in the silence of Pan lies his greatest power, his deepest fascination.

Slowly I turn, and follow the rough track up between the trees and out through a crazy wooden gate. The road is just beyond: and, though I cannot yet see it, the music of a smithy rings out clear and cheerful on the stirless evening air.

E. DOUGLAS-TAYLER

The Night-Wanderer

Island of furze-clad hill in a boundless ocean of night;

Rain-spray, and whip of an eddying wind with wave-music
sweeping the grass:

Far away down in the valley, the bright scattered planets
of light,

Like stars that dip in the deep, or lamps of distant vessels
that pass.

Scurrying drift of the clouds and gleam of a wizen-faced moon—

Bend, bend, stout trees, and laugh with your leaves to the
headlong rush of the gale;

Drive, rain, drive on the branches, singing a mighty rune,

The song of the storm that lashes the mast and roars in
the shroud and sail.

Wild world of unhuman life on the cold night-air set free—

Oh, to be part of your being, and thrill with this living
unbridled might!

Tide of the dark, roll up! Plunge, soul, in the great cool sea!

Shout, storm, and sweep me away to be lost in the vast,
grand soul of the Night!

E. DOUGLAS-TAYLER

The Royal Collegian Abroad

"Many a life is as pleasant to write as to lead; the present, especially, like turned rosewood, yields the most agreeable odour at the turning-lathe."

—JEAN PAUL RICHTER

LONDON CONCERTS

THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY

The Concerts of the Philharmonic Society have contained several events of great interest to Collegians.

On November 21, a New Suite for Orchestra by Dr Walford Davies was heard for the first time. It is a work of great beauty and imaginative force. On the same night Mr Gervase Elwes sang a charming setting of W. B. Yeats's 'Wind Among the Reeds' by Mr Thomas Dunhill.

Two *Snapshots*
VOICE AND PIANO



MR. GARCIA



MR. FRANKLIN TAYLOR

On December 5, Sir Hubert Parry conducted his new Symphony in B minor (1912), which is in four linked movements. This was the last of the Centenary Concerts, and it will always be memorable for the production of a noble symphony impelled by deep musical feeling, controlled by lofty thought, in a word, the work of Sir Hubert himself. Some other features of the occasion for which fortunately Collegians were not responsible, we willingly forgot.

THE ROYAL CHORAL SOCIETY

Amongst the soloists chosen by Sir Frederick Bridge to appear at the Society's Concerts we notice several Old Collegians. Miss Muriel Foster sang in *Caractacus* and in the first London performance of *The Music Makers* on November 28, Miss Florence Taylor in *Elijah*, and Miss Edith Leitch in the Programme of Carols and other Yuletide Music.

COLERIDGE-TAYLOR MEMORIAL CONCERT

A great gathering assembled at the Albert Hall on the evening of November 22, St. Cecilia's Day, to pay tribute to the memory of Mr Coleridge-Taylor. The fine chorus and orchestra numbered upwards of 1,000 persons, and the conductors were Sir Charles Stanford, Sir Frederick Bridge, Mr Landon Ronald and Mr Adolf Schmid. The programme included 'Hiawatha's Wedding Feast' and 'The Death of Minnehaha,' and soloists, chorus and orchestra all combined to make the performance a very memorable one.

CLASSICAL CONCERT SOCIETY

At the last of this Society's autumn series, given at Bechstein Hall, on December 18, the English String Quartet (Messrs T. Morris, H. Kinze, Frank Bridge and Ivor James), gave a fine performance of Beethoven's quartet in F Minor, op. 95, and Messrs Morris and James took part with Mr Leonard Borwick in the trio in B flat, op. 97.

Mr James Friskin was heard in conjunction with Señor Casals at the Concert on October 23.

* * *

RECITALS

Miss Muriel Foster gave a most delightful Concert on November 18. Her programme contained a very interesting group of songs by Hugo Wolf, and at the end she sang two new songs by Mr O'Connor Morris, who acted as accompanist. In response to a very general request, Miss Foster repeated the programme on November 26.

* * *

Miss Doris Montrave (Simpson) gave her first Recital on November 19 at the Bechstein Hall. Miss Montrave, who has lately been studying with Mons. Jean de Reszke in Paris, sang very musically and with great taste. We wish her every success in her professional career.

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Miss Gladys Moger gave a very successful Recital at the Aeolian Hall on December 3.

* * *

Several past and present Collegians took part in Mr Herbert Hodge's Evening Concert at the Queen's Hall on November 28. Miss Agnes Christa, Miss Palgrave Turner, Miss Katherine Vincent, Mr George Baker and Mr Hardy Williamson were among the singers, and Mr Liddle and Mr Sewell accompanied.

* * *

Miss Phyllis Howse sang Brahms's 'Zigeunerlieder' at one of the Thursday Twelve O'Clock Concerts.

* * *

Several Collegians took part in the Concert organised by Miss Darnell on behalf of the Society of Friends in Need on November 30. Miss Mary Congreve

sang a charming group of songs by Miss Marion Scott, and Mr Roland Jackson also sang. Among the instrumentalists were Miss Evelyn Hunter, Miss Darnell, Miss Esther Capel-Cure and Mr Snowden. Miss Hunter played solos, in addition to helping with the concerted music.

ORGAN RECITALS

Mr Harold Darke has given three most interesting Recitals at S. James's Church, Paddington. The first two consisted of English Music ranging from the sixteenth century to works of the present day by Sir Hubert Parry and Sir Charles Stanford. At the third Recital Mr Darke played many beautiful Choral Preludes. All the programmes were admirably chosen and the Recitals were in every way delightful.

* * *

Mr Herbert Hodge's Recital at S. Nicholas, Cole Abbey, on October 17, consisted of the test-pieces selected by the Royal College of Organists for the Examination in January, 1913, and was consequently of especial value and interest to intending Candidates. Mr Hodge has also given Recitals in different parts of the country.

* * *

Dr W. H. Harris gave a Recital at Coventry, on November 14. He played, among other interesting works, Bach's Toccata and Fugue in C major, and Choral Preludes by Brahms and Karg-Elert.

* * *

Among other organ recitals of interest we notice one by Mr Basil Johnson in Manchester Cathedral, and at the Cathedral Church of S. Nicholas at Newcastle Mr Alfred Wall and Mr Jeffries, F.R.C.O., gave a joint recital of a varied and comprehensive description.

THE FESTIVALS

BERMINGHAM

A notable feature of this Festival was the first performance of a new work by Dr Walford Davies, *The Song of S. Francis*. It consists of nine movements, and is scored for soli, chorus and orchestra. It is an exceedingly powerful work, ranging from great pictorial choruses such as the praise ' of Brother Sun, the Wind and the Fire,' to numbers of deep human expression, such as ' Of Them that Forgive ' and ' Of Sister Death.' It ends with a majestic choral epilogue, and the whole has been spoken of as showing an advance even upon the high standard of *Everyman*.

* * *

Sir Edward Elgar's 'The Music Makers' was also heard for the first time, and the occasion was not a little enhanced by the beautiful singing of Miss Muriel Foster, who was warmly welcomed after her long retirement from professional life. Miss Foster also sang Purcell's " Mad Bess " at this Concert.

* * *

The orchestra, which was very fine, was led by Mr Maurice Sons, and many other Collegians took part.

HEREFORD

The new works in the Cathedral at the Three Choirs Festival were Sir Hubert Parry's delightful setting of William Dunbar's 'Ode on the Nativity' and a fantasia upon old Christmas Carols for baritone solo, choir and orchestra, by Dr R. Vaughan Williams. Mr Campbell McInnes sang the solo in this work, which made a particularly fresh impression because of its freedom from all the conventions of style which are apt to gather round music composed for the church festivals.

IN THE PROVINCES

CAMBRIDGE

The revival of *Oedipus Tyrannus* with Sir Charles Stanford's fine and fitting music has been a prominent event of the term. Sir Charles conducted the first

performance of the week, and Dr Charles Wood, who had trained an admirable choir of undergraduates, conducted subsequently. There were many Collegians in the orchestra; the whole performance created a deep impression.

DEVONSHIRE

Two Memorial Performances of Coleridge-Taylor's *Hiawatha* have been given at Plymouth by the Guildhall Choir and Orchestra. Mr Frank Webster, who was the Tenor Soloist on each occasion, sang with great charm and freshness.

The Musical Matinées organised by Miss Florence Smith and her sister continue to prove very successful. The first Concert this Season consisted of Piano Solos played by Mr Leonard Borwick, and Bach's Concerto for two Violins, which was played by Miss Giulietta Motto and Miss Elsie Smith. At the second Concert Mr Plunket Greene sang a number of delightful songs, and the Misses Smith and Mrs Freeman played Tchaikovsky's Trio for Piano, Violin and Violoncello. The Marie Motto Quartet are playing at the next Matinée in January.

Mr Harold Samuel and Mr Harold Bonarius (Grimson) took part in a performance of Tchaikovsky's Trio at Torquay in September. Miss Ellen Bartlett played a Violoncello Solo at a Concert in Exeter on November 22.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE

The Philharmonic Society has given two very successful Concerts under the Conductorship of Mr Edgar Bainton. At the first of these Mr Von Holst's Suite 'Beni Mora' was performed. At the second Concert Mr Alfred Wall played Beethoven's Violin Concerto in D.

HASTINGS

The Misses Hilda and Dora Garland gave a Piano and Violin Recital on November 29. Miss Dora Garland, who is a present scholar at the College, gave an intelligent interpretation of Bach's Chaconne. The programme also included the Sonata for piano and violin in A major by Brahms.

READING

The Berkshire Symphony Orchestra gave a Concert here on November 28, in aid of the League of Mercy. The Orchestra, which numbers several Old Collegians, has for its conductor Mr W. H. Phelps, whose skill and energy ensured a very successful and enjoyable performance. Dr F. J. Read's Choir, The Reading Orpheus Society, has just entered upon its thirty-first season. A Concert in November gave a delightful programme of glees and part-songs, including two by the Conductor. Miss Vaughan Sparkes played some Violin Solos at this Concert.

RUGBY

Coleridge-Taylor's 'Tale of Old Japan' was the chief event in the Philharmonic Society's Concert on November 21. Miss Gladys Moger was the Soprano Soloist and Mr Basil Johnson conducted. Under his direction the boys of Rugby School gave an excellent Concert on July 29.

LICHFIELD

The Choristers of Lichfield Cathedral gave a Concert on October 23 under the able guidance of the sub-organist, Dr W. H. Harris. The Programme was very varied in character, and the choristers excelled alike in grave and gay. The Probationers' performance was one of the most attractive things, when the Choristers-to-be manfully took their stand upon the boards, and sang pathetically of what they could do *now*, then of what they hoped to do some day!

WINDSOR

The programme of the Annual Concert given by the S. George's Chapel Choir was pleasantly varied by harp solos played by Miss Mary Johnson. Miss Johnson, who is a present Student of the Royal College, gave delightful interpretations of pieces by Bach, Debussy, Label and Posse. Madame Gleeson White and Mr Albert Watson sang solos at this Concert.

CROYDON

Mr W. J. Read's performance of Coleridge-Taylor's Violin Concerto was a notable feature of the Concert in memory of the composer on November 23. Mr Read who was a fellow-student with Mr Taylor at the College played the Concerto at the copyright performance in June, when the composer himself accompanied.

YORK

Miss Grace Groves gave a very enjoyable Recital on November 27 when she was assisted by Miss Janet Macfie, Mr John Groves and Miss Katharine Groves, who played instrumental trios and solos. Miss Groves sang with artistic expression and complete mastery of technical difficulties.

SCOTLAND

PERTH

Miss Phyllis Graves has lately given a very enjoyable Concert here. The programme was varied and interesting, and her fresh clear voice gave great pleasure to the audience. Miss Graves was assisted by Miss Nellie Thom, who played in Grieg's Sonata for Violin and Piano in C major and other works.

IRELAND

MALLOW, CO. CORK

Mr Geoffrey M. Palmer (who is best known to Collegians as a composer and organist, but who is also an able and enthusiastic collector of Irish folk songs) has been appointed organist of the Anglican Church at Mallow. He took up his duties there in August, and has since sent us an interesting letter from which we print the following extract:—"I like this place very much, and the people are most kind and friendly—'fhoohol' is the proper Irish word: it means 'like a prince.' At first I had the greatest difficulty in finding rooms: in these little towns everybody has his own little house, and nobody thinks of taking in lodgers! At first I took a workman's cottage which was lying empty next door to our sexton's. Now I have found comfortable diggings in a 'nursing home,' where they never keep patients, and the nurses only turn up at odd times. The District Inspector also lodges here (but he is away at present). Being a junction, this place is handy for anywhere; one can be in London in twelve hours."

IN THE COLONIES AND ABROAD

MELBOURNE

By the kindness of Sir Hubert Parry, we print the following letter, which will interest Collegians:—

"We want to place on record that several Old Royal Collegians entertained Kirkby Lunn at lunch on August 22. It is the first time in Australia that so many old Royal College Students have foregathered.

"The list of those present is:—Arthur Nickson, Mr and Mrs Spencer Thomas, Mr and Mrs Arthur Wynn, Mona Hunt, Mr and Mrs H. A. Thomson, Mr and Mrs Fritz Hart, and Willie Murdoch. Agnes Nicholls was prevented unfortunately (at the last moment) by a business engagement from joining us. We had a very jolly time and were the first to entertain Kirkby Lunn in this country."—FRITZ B. HART.

ADELAIDE

Mr Winsloe Hall is doing excellent work as Conductor of the Conservatorium Orchestra. At the last Concert a really fine performance was given of Tchaikovsky's B Minor Symphony. Madame Delmar Hall sang very beautifully at this Concert.

* * *

Madame Kirkby Lunn gave four delightful Concerts here in October, when her artistic performance, especially of German Lieder, gave very great pleasure. Mr William Murdoch was a very able accompanist.

SOUTH AFRICA

The College is remarkably well represented out here. Among the old Students who hold posts in different parts of the country and are doing good work are Madame May, Miss Ethel Whiteside, Miss A Wright, Miss Anna Marsh (at present in England), Miss D. Heward, Miss I. Browning, Miss Helen Graham, Miss Hilda Jameson, Miss Erica Pierpoint, Miss Katherine Wilson and Mr Van der Bent.

* * *

Miss Wilson writes:—"Those who saw Mr and Mrs Sharpe, and later on, Miss Daymond and Miss Hislop, were immensely delighted. The dear old College seemed to come near again, if only for a short time. We all send best wishes to all present pupils, and of course, to Sir Hubert and the staff. . . . The R.C.M. Magazine is read most avariciously!"

* * *

Miss Margaret Clementson sang at a Concert given by the Chamber Music Union in Cape Town, and had a very good reception.

GERMANY—Bremen

Madame Frances Gerald (Mrs de Brincken Matthews) has been singing in Opera with very great success. She is engaged as First Contralto, and has appeared in *Aida* and *Carmen*, and in the *Ring* and several other Wagner Operas; she gave a really remarkable representation of the character of Brangäne in *Tristan*.

BRITISH COLUMBIA

Mr Wilfred Eyre sends an interesting account of life in the 'wilds.' He writes—"Life out here is an extraordinary change after London life. . . . We are living under canvas right inside the Bush, quite away from the road. We are keeping ducks, ducklings and chickens at the present moment, and you can realize that we are kept very busy from early morning until night caring after these birds and doing odd jobs on the land. There is always something to be done, besides looking after ourselves, our tent and the cooking, not to mention the washing-up afterwards! . . . When we want to post letters or to fetch our mails we are obliged to walk or drive four miles into Courtenay. Courtenay is anything but a pretty place. There are no beautiful thatched cottages as those found in England, but all the shops and houses are built of wood painted grey. . . . There are some wonderful trees around us—and it would open any Englishman's eyes to see some of them! There are some beautiful wild-flowers out here—but not the variety found in England. I have just spent a disastrous afternoon! Cows have been visiting our camp, and have knocked over all our milk, have eaten our vegetables and knocked over some shelled peas! Such is life living under canvas in the back woods!"

MARRIAGES

We offer very hearty congratulations to Mrs George Todd (Miss Marguerite Owen), who was married at S. Mary's Church, Wimbledon on November 23; to Mrs Alston (Miss Audrey Folkes), who was married to the Rev. Alfred Alston at S. John's, Westminster, on November 14; and to Mrs Harold Gardiner (Miss Mabel Hare), who was married at S. George's, Hanover Square, on November 19.

* * *

We also give warm greetings to the baby sons of Mrs Fenwick Stow, Mrs George Woodhouse and Mrs Hope Harrison, and to Mrs Chaney's (Miss Elsie Webb) little daughter, Elizabeth Webb Chaney.

THE R.A.M. CLUB MAGAZINE

The 37th Number contains a short memoir of Dr William Crotch, the first Principal of the R.A.M., written by Dr William H. Cummings. Dr Crotch is chiefly remembered now by Church musicians, who at this time of year are accustomed to put 'Lo star-led chiefs' from his oratorio *Palestine* into their service lists. Few

of the younger generation of musicians can ever have heard *Palestine*, but Dr Cummings has an interesting personal reminiscence of its performance by the Sacred Harmonic Society in 1874, when he sang the solo tenor part. He says, "I was so struck with the modern fulness of the orchestration that I enquired of Costa, who conducted, whether he had been revising it; he indignantly replied, 'No! it is all Crotch.'" The *Magazine* contains much news of the Academy's activities, including a full report of the official opening of the new building in York-Gate on June 22, 1912, and a description and specification of the Concert Hall Organ presented by Mrs Threlfall. At the 23rd Annual Dinner of the R.A.M. Club, Sir Alexander Mackenzie, responding to the toast of 'The Royal Academy of Music,' amended Shakespeare aptly with the remark—

"Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun of York-Gate!"

Mr H. P. Greene's 'Interpretation in Song.'

"Im Wald dort auf der Vogelweid
da lernt' ich auch das Singen."—DIE MEISTERSINGER

Not long ago we had the pleasure of welcoming Mr Greene among us as an able addition to our distinguished staff of teachers. We now join with the outside world in according the same hearty welcome to his book on *Interpretation in Song*. It is a fascinating subject treated by capable hands, and cannot fail to rouse our interest. The book is nominally intended for singers who have been through the educational mill and are going out into the world to fight their way through the devious and often murky paths of their profession. Snares and pitfalls, Sloughs of Despond and Hills of Difficulty await all alike, and those who faint by the wayside will find balm for their troubled spirits in the pages of Mr Greene's book.

Such fallings-off are often due to a confusion between means and ends. An ultimate end and goal of ambition, where it is possible to sit down and contemplate past achievements with satisfaction, cannot be attained by any man during his lifetime without disastrous results to himself. If he stops in his progress the waters will begin to close over his head, and he will find himself catching at the straws of convention in the vain hope of keeping afloat by their means. Individuality and self-reliance are the texts of the whole book, and these the author urges on us with inspiring enthusiasm. Others have shown us the way up to certain points, we must explore new regions for ourselves. Artifice is stationary, but art is in a continuous process of change. We must therefore consign all insincerity, faddism and convention to the bottomless pit, and trust in Nature to point out to us the way we should take, for if we disobey her mandates she will surely assert herself in the end to our cost. The real home of song is after all in the fields and meadows.

To come to the more technical points that are treated in the book ; the first aim of the young singer must be to acquire a thorough and complete equipment. Under this head the author includes Technique, Magnetism, Sense of Atmosphere, Command of Tone-colour, and lastly, Style. These are his tools and he must know how to use them. The three chapters which discuss the three main rules of singing are full of interest. It is no use merely to know these rules ; with the finished singer they have become habits which he follows instinctively. They are respectively concerned with rhythm, the song as a whole, and diction. The remarks about rhythm are of paramount importance, not only to song singing, but to every branch of musical art. Some valuable practical hints will be found in the list of 'Don'ts' to singer and accompanist, as also in the chapter which shows us how to study a song.

One delightful feature of the book is the large number of musical illustrations which it contains. They are admirably selected from composers, both past and present, and among them one may meet old friends and make many new ones. In conclusion, though the book is primarily written for singers, its appeal is really far wider. Every musician, whether creative, interpretative or receptive, will find something in it to guide his efforts. The truths which Mr Greene urges are for the good of our souls, not merely for the good of our vocal organs. The only qualifications needed on the part of the reader are a little intelligence and a great love of music as an art.

KEY TO THE GROUP OF THE PROFESSORS OF THE R.C.M.

(SEE VOL. VIII., NO. 3)

Notices

The Honorary Secretary of the R.C.M. Magazine will be glad to purchase a few copies of Volume 8, No. 1, as that number is now out of print.

Mr Aveling is kindly preparing the detailed Index of Vols. 1 to 8, but its publication depends upon a sufficient number of applications for it being received by the Honorary Secretary. At present too few have been received to justify publication. The Index will contain references to each individual whose work has been noticed in the first eight volumes of the Magazine and each subject which has been discussed. The cost of the Index will not exceed threepence.

The Term's Awards

The following Awards were made at the close of the Christmas Term, 1912:—

COUNCIL EXHIBITIONS (£50)

Clara M. Simons	£7
Annie Rees	(Singing)	£10
Richard Swan	£7
Olive M. Fellowes (Organ)	£6
Margaret H. Littlewood (Violin)	£10
Edith M. Colam (Violoncello)	£10

THE DOVE PRIZE (£13) between—

Eugène A. Goossens (A.R.C.M.) and Joseph A. Taffs (scholar).

THE LEO STERN MEMORIAL GIFT FOR VIOLONCELLISTS (£5 5s)—

Maurice Soester.

THE LESLIE ALEXANDER GIFT (£21)—

John K. Snowden (Dove Scholar) (Violoncello).

THE MANNS MEMORIAL PRIZE (£4 10s)—

Percival R. Kirkby.

THE EDMUND GROVE EXHIBITION (£20)—

Lillie D. Chipp (A.R.C.M.)

THE ASSOCIATED BOARD EXHIBITIONS have been awarded to—

Leonard S. Jefferies (Piano).

Hubert A. M. Marno
Hyman Grünbaum } (Violin)

The Associated Board Exhibitions held by Margaret A. M. Stoddart, Joyce E. Gale, Dorothy E. Bostock, Idwen Thomas, Elsie C. Blundell and George T. Ball, have been renewed to December, 1913; and the Exhibition held by Marguerite Torckler to March, 1913.

The Director's History Prize for Midsummer Term, 1912—(No award).

Dates of Terms, 1913

EASTER TERM

Entrance Examination	Monday, 6th Jan.
Term begins	Thursday, 9th ..
Half Term begins	Thursday, 20th Feb. (<i>Good Friday, 21st March, Easter Monday, 24th March</i>)
Term ends	Wednesday, 2nd April

MIDSUMMER TERM

Entrance Examination	Thursday, 1st May
Term begins	Monday, 5th ..
						(<i>Whit Monday, 12th May</i>)
Half Term begins	Monday, 10th June
Term ends	Saturday, 26th July

CHRISTMAS TERM

Entrance Examination	Monday, 22nd Sept.
Term begins	Thursday, 25th ..
Half Term begins	Thursday, 6th Nov.
Term ends	Wednesday, 17th Dec.

